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SUPPLEMENT

To a late Excellent

POEM,

ENTITLED,

Are theſe THINGS *ſo?*

Addreſs'd to the * * * *.

Sequimur non paſſibus æquis.

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A Supplement to a late excellent poem, entitled,

Are theſe Things ſo?

Addreſs'd to the ****.

WHILE *Europe*'s various realms your virtues own,
And aſk a daughter each to guard her throne;
Proud from your hand to take the noble dow'r
Of birth and fame, of beauty and of pow'r;
By turns, while nations throng your envy'd iſle
To learn where war ſhall rage, or peace ſhall ſmile;
What ſtates ally'd, from terror ſhall be freed;
What foe, that bids your arm defiance, bleed!
Your fleets, when jarring pow'rs contend for ſway,
Deciding which ſhall rule, and which obey!

SAY then, ſhall cenſure wound, or pride diſown,
Thoſe virtues which ſupport and grace your throne?
Impair that noble worth, or fame depreſs,
Given by indulgent heaven to ſave and bleſs;
How fair the luſtre of that ſov'reign's crown,
Whoſe dangers only ſpring from his renown?

Too weak the eye of envy to ſuſtain
That light it pours around, without a pain!
Which in her King ſhe oft is forc'd to view,
At once with wonder, and with ſadneſs too;
Tho' prone to rage, and wiſhful to rebel,
Curſing her heart, becauſe it likes ſo well;
In vain the hero, father, friend, inſpires;
She ſees, and weeps - and as ſhe ſighs, admires.
By his great worth the Fury wretched made;
Repining o'er that fame ſhe cannot ſhade!

If then Sedition lifts her ſnaky head,
From thy firm heart, ah, baniſh ev'ry dread!
What has the conſcious upright breaſt to fear
From the baſe ſword, or from the rebel-ſpear?
While *Britain*'s Genius round its fav'rite King
Holds its ſtrong ſhield, and throws his guardian wing;
Still watching round his couch with pious care,
When fraud contrives, or falſhood plans the ſnare;
Blunts ev'ry ſhaft that treaſon wou'd convey
To his lov'd breaſt - or turns the point away.

To fill her motley liſt, and madding train,
Let Faction then ſelect the blind and vain;
From *Hockley* chuſe her hero's to out-ſhine,
Thy daſtard troops, oh *W-de* - and *C-the-rt* thine!

A mur-

A murmuring tribe, whom God cou'd never pleaſe;
Now loud for war; and panting now for peace!
The ſelf-ſame ſcheme by turns the beſt and worſt,
Bleſſing to day, what yeſterday they curſt;
Fond of thoſe ills that prudence bids us ſhun;
Quite ſtarv'd in plenty - and by wealth undone -
Reſolv'd that nothing ſhall be juſt, or wiſe,
Till *C - b - m*'s reaſons open *G - rge*'s eyes.

At *Britain*'s envy'd fate let theſe repine;
Each warlike-hand, and upright heart is thine!
The libel ſcorn, in cells and grotto's nurſt;
Inſpir'd by hunger now, and now by thirſt;
The two kind muſes which aſſiſt their lay,
And teach 'em how to ſing, and what to ſay;
Prompted to write the meagre lifeleſs ſtrain
Oft by the belly - ſeldom by the brain;
With the coarſe offals of a ſhamble fed,
And lying weekly for their daily bread,
The copy pawn'd - before the verſe is read;
To-morrow feeding (ſuch the hungry lay)
On the lean ſcraps and leavings of *to-day*.

If Majeſty ſo low cou'd e'er deſcend
To read thoſe lines, by want or envy penn'd;

By wiſdom guarded let 'em view thy throne,
And tremble at the virtue they diſown.
Place thy great Parent's courage up to view,
And the ſame fame, by deeds as fair purſue;
Who with that generous love that did inſpire
The monarch's boſom, mix'd the hero's fire;
In ev'ry action brave, as well as wiſe,
Who ſhew'd the King that pardon'd, cou'd chaſtiſe;
That the ſame eye with pity which look'd down
On guilt ſo oft, if ſcorn'd, cou'd wear a frown;
Correct the madneſs of a guilty iſle,
And into vengeance turn a monarch's ſmile.

Her enſigns then let treaſon wave on high,
Deride, or view 'em with a hero's eye;
Shew her thy fleets o'er all the ocean ſpread;
Thy realm's protection, and each rival's dread;
Unable to endure their thunder's ſound;
And *Spain*'s proud turrets ſmoaking on the ground.
While haughty *Gaul*, that fain with ſcorn wou'd view
Thy navy's ſtrength, beholds with terror too:
Whoſe ſchemes and counſels give thy breaſt no pain;
Not dampt, but *riſing* o'er her king's diſdain.
Shew her baſe troops their madneſs to reſtrain
Thy legions crown'd, and *Preſton*'s fatal plain;

Shew her the glorious field with ſlaughter red,
Where her gay coward-troops beheld - and fled;
Where *Britain*'s loyal bands, and warlike ſpear,
Shook her mock-king and perjur'd bands with fear.
And yet a ſtronger terror to impart,
Shew her, great Prince, your own intrepid heart;
Where the ſad eye may read, o'erwhelm'd with woe,
A ſcorn and pity for each abject foe.
The gifts united in thy royal mind,
And mercy in one breaſt, with courage join'd;
Calm in each trial, 'midſt all dangers brave;
By wiſdom guided when to cruſh or ſave;
When the keen ſword of juſtice to withhold;
To raiſe the ſuppliant, or chaſtiſe the bold;
More pleas'd in ev'ry action to fulfil
The dictates of his honour, than his will;
To act the father's, than the ſov'reign's part,
And rather mend, than break the ſtubborn heart.

SAY, faithful muſe, for thy diſcerning eyes
Can trace hypocriſy through each diſguiſe;
When cloath'd with duty, or bedew'd with grace,
It ſkulks behind the patriot's lying face;
In a ſmooth phraſe, acts well the traitor's part;
Love on her tongue, and treach'ry at her heart.

Say,

Say, in each realm what numbers thou haſt ſeen
Made righteous by reſentment, or by ſpleen;
By pious wants whoſe morals ſtrangely mend;
In place, the king's - when out, their country's friend;
A kind repulſe, a lucky diſcontent,
Has to the foul its virtues often lent;
Fill'd it with parts and piety all o'er,
Darkned with guilt, or dulneſs curſt before.
Celſus grew learned, upright, juſt, and wiſe,
Soon as the poſt he loſt had clear'd his eyes;
Found, the firſt moment fortune threw her dart,
Freſh virtues budding round his faintly heart.
His honour with his croſſes ſtill begins,
He looſes firſt his place, and then his ſins;
In the firſt moment of his fame's decay,
One after one, which kindly die away:
The ſtateſman like the ſnake in vernal air,
Which drops his coat, to ſhew more ſleek and fair;
Ill luck compleating what his good begun,
He ne'er was half ſo wiſe - as when undone;
Keen in each ſheet, his ſatire's ſting he owes
To the kind rage and malice of his foes;
Who long conceal'd, bring his rich gifts to light,
Their ſmiles not half ſo uſeful as their ſpite:
So great a foe to reaſon's ſeeing clear
Are penſions - and twelve thouſand pounds a year.

How bold a champion then had freedom loſt,
Had *George* ſtill ſmil'd - and *Celſus* held his poſt?
Lov'd by his prince, and truſted with a place,
He ſtill had wanted courage, parts, and grace!
His ſenſe conceal'd - a Journal ſeldom wrôt;
Unmark'd the hero, and the ſage forgot!
How dearly ſhou'd he prize the valu'd hour,
To give him fame, that robb'd him of his pow'r?
With the lov'd change the convert more than bleſt,
To live by courts deſpis'd - by fools careſs'd.

For glories vaniſh'd, give his heart no pain;
They purify the ſoul, and purge the brain;
Pour light into the mind, with clouds o'ercaſt,
And help it to relent for frailties paſt;
Theſe may the man, but not his worth diſplace,
Who nobly ſoars to glory through diſgrace!
Hear him now ſpeak - his periods cut ſo keen,
Horace, you'd ſwear, had taught in *Aberdeen*;
From *Rome*, that *Glaſcow* had receiv'd her rules,
And *Tully* water'd *Scotia*'s learned ſchools;
Brought eloquence and arts again in vogue,
And baniſh'd thence her dulneſs and her brogue.
By courts unheeded, now he joys to view
All truth with him, and wiſdom baniſh'd too;

His wretched king of ev'ry mail afraid;
By foes inſulted, and by friends betray'd!
Our counſels all, or weakneſs, or miſtake;
And of our guides, not one in twelve awake.
The venal mitre clubbing with the crown
To fix our chains, and pull fair freedom down;
Amaz'd the giddy nation does not find
The prince deluded, and the people blind;
His country by thoſe ſchemes to ruin brought,
Which he himſelf, not yet enlighten'd, taught.

Nor *Curio*'s fame, forgetful muſe, deſpiſe;
From Fortune's frown, like *Celſus*, growing wiſe:
His gratitude confeſs, and virtues own,
Sav'd from a ſcaffold, to direct a throne!
Who breaks himſelf, the better to contrive
New ways, how frugal ſtates may live and thrive.
Now in each packet from the South or Eaſt,
He brings home peace or war - as ſuits him beſt;
Without or ſeas, or wind, his couriers ſail;
Fame ſpreads the news, and fame brings o'er the mail;
He forms her tales, and keeps her ſcouts in pay,
And prompts her what to ſwear, or what to ſay;
A proper office for each tongue ſupplies,
One hir'd for truth - and ten to prattle lies;

The court in fault, whate'er its flatt'rers ſay,
That troops will eat, and captains will have pay;
That wicked armies food and cloathing need,
When dry and hungry, that they drink and feed;
While each convincing Journal makes it plain,
This ſcheme was weak - that boaſted treaty vain;
Reſolv'd, till he again the nation ſteers,
That all ſhall blunder - Commons, Kings, and Peers.
Sad *Britain*'s woes in weekly rhimes deplor'd,
Till *W - lp - le* is remov'd, or *James* reſtor'd;
Till *Rome* once more ſets happy *England* right,
And all our ills are cur'd by *George*'s flight.

Let then cloſe cabinets no more pretend
New ſchems to offer, or the old ones mend;
Senates no more in conſultations meet,
Sound wiſdom ſhines alone in *Curio*'s ſheet!
Who judges can direct, in courts preſide;
Inſtruct the prelate, and the ſov'reign guide;
Praiſe *Spain*'s * tribunal, and propoſe from thence
To hang - without a witneſs, or offence.
The time exact, and ſeaſons can deſcribe,
When 'tis a virtue, when a ſin to bribe;
How long a patriot may a fraud purſue,
How long an author lie - and yet be true!

* *The* Spaniſh Viſita, *or State-inquiſition, propos'd once by the* Craftſman *to be introduced into* England; *in which no criminal is to know the perſon who accuſes him.*

For what juſt cauſes realms a king may ſlight,
Swear on two ſides - and yet in both be right.
With reaſons ſtor'd, to arm the learned throng
Againſt the ſtate, when ſenates lead 'em wrong;
Falſe notions in their head who wou'd inſtil,
And teach 'em to be true - againſt their will.
Pleas'd in more myſtic ſcience to excel;
From love, to curſe - from duty to rebel:
To prove themſelves good ſubjects to a ſtate,
They ſlily ſcorn, or elſe ſincerely hate;
Till now, the patriot-ſcheme ſcarce underſtood,
Of nurſing private feuds for public good;
In pure allegiance 'gainſt the throne to fight,
And jarring ſtates by diſcord to unite.

With *Curio*'s ſchemes, oh muſe, and manners tir'd,
To others haſte, by wit and want inſpir'd;
From their lov'd libel never let 'em part,
Since ev'ry curſe each night brings in a quart.
Still in ſpruce couplets let pert *M - ll - r* deal,
And rather want a conſcience, than a meal;
How wou'd the prieſt ſupport his tatter'd pride,
Did not the muſe a roſe and band provide;
A kind lampoon his gaping gown repair
Much better than a collect, or a pray'r?

Ah,

Ah, let not *W - - - d* miſs his lean reward
(Something between a bellman and a bard)
Stop you the torrent of his patriot-ink,
How muſt he dine to day, to morrow drink?
Unleſs in verſe each week ſome courtier bleed,
Ah how can *R - - b* be cloath'd, or *G - - rie* feed?
Who ends his ſheet with ſcandal, and begins -
Lives well ſix days in ſeven upon his ſins.
Give him a miniſter to ſtab or curſe,
You cure his * itch at once, and fill his purſe.
Bleſt with a guinea in his time of need,
A coin he never touch'd beyond the *Tweed!*
Wou'd not a piſtol better much ſupply
The *Hockley*-chief with money, than a lie?
(In battles than in books much better read,
And ſavage, as the bulls and bears he fed)
Since thoſe who dread a ſword, may yet fulfil
The ruffian's aim, and murder with a quill:
The pen's much ſafer than the piſtol's blaſt,
Since courage is requir'd to cock the laſt:
The trembling heart may libel, lie, and write;
And cowards may defame, who cannot fight.
Whoſe bleſt ſucceſſion never is to die,
While *Hounſlow*'s plains can *Hockley*'s ſtage ſupply.

Let him unheeded then his doggrel ſquirt,
Stinking and ſtale, made up of dung and dirt?

* *Lues Scotica.*

Nauſeous, and only by our noſes fear'd,
Drawn from thoſe ſties and jakes he often clear'd.
Shirtleſs he ſleeps one day in garret mean,
To view the next his ſleeves and ruffles clean;
Chuſing, with owls, in darkneſs to compoſe,
And hoot by night - to ward off duns and blows.

From theſe, ah prudent muſe, retire in time,
E'er poiſon'd with the ſteams of baleful rhime!
To other names for healing balm repair;
Their conduct wiſe, their actions great and fair!
From the baſe crowd ſelect each injur'd name,
Rivals in virtue, and ally'd in fame;
Where nations to protect, and ſenates pleaſe,
Nature with art, and force conſpires with eaſe;
Their hearts to awe, and ſaving zeal reſtrain,
From envy launch'd her keeneſt ſhafts in vain;
(Juſt like the *Pelian* dart her weapon's found,
Which guiltleſs ſtrike, and heal whate'er they wound)
Pleas'd only when their country's ſmiles are gain'd
By wholſome laws, or injur'd rights maintain'd;
Their worth by ev'ry grateful voice confeſt;
Fear'd by the impious - by the upright bleſt.
A conſcious joy whoſe boſom ne'er cou'd prove,
But from a ſenate's thanks, or nation's love;
From prudent ſchemes, to ſave their country caſt;
For glory hop'd - or god-like actions paſt.

Fach arm'd with powers of reaſon and of art,
To melt the cold, and ſhake the ſtubborn heart;
A triumph o'er their country's foes to gain;
To quell the bold, and undeceive the vain.

While theſe, lov'd Prince, ſurround thy guarded throne,
And bleſs thy courage, and thy wiſdom own;
With them thy future fame and glories truſt;
And to be great, to theſe be only juſt.
Grac'd by thy ſmile, and proud of thy command,
See there thy *Pellh - ms* riſe, and *H - rv - ys* ſtand;
A *Cholm - ey* born the ſtateſman's line to grace,
A *Richm - nd* to prolong the Patriot-race;
Learn'd *Atticus* again in *Y - rk* ador'd,
And *Cato*'s worth in *Onſl - w*'s fame reſtor'd;
The wreath from *Tully*'s brow by *Walp - le* won,
And *Rome*'s beſt plans by *Britain*'s ſchemes outdone.

If then ſedition wou'd thy peace annoy,
Neglect her arts - to ſcorn, is to deſtroy;
Let the ſmooth falſhood paſs unheeded by;
Place is the aim - when freedom is the cry;
Search to the ſoul the ſtateſman's leering wile,
And meaſure not the duty by the ſmile;
This may deceive, and act the kindeſt part,
When fraud inſpires, or treaſon ſwells the heart;
Shew a pleas'd viſage, and a peaceful eye,
And with a guiſe of truth, conceal a lye.

Thine

Thine be each breaſt, by faith and duty try'd,
Inſpir'd by zeal on truth's and virtue's ſide;
The boſom which cou'd ne'er a terror feel
From the cloſe falſhood, or the threaten'd ſteel;
The patriot's libel, or the traitor's arm;
Againſt 'em both, their upright fame a charm.

In *Britain*'s wiſe debates while theſe preſide,
Guard by their power, and with their counſels guide;
Give their lov'd iſle, its laurels to reclaim,
A peace with glory, or a war with fame;
To ſully the fair luſtre of thy reign,
Faction conſpires, and force attempts in vain;
Aw'd by that virtue which each ſubject charms,
While one her Journal drops, and one her arms.

So the firm rock deep ſeated in the main,
Does the loud tempeſt, and the wave diſdain;
Beat by the angry ſurge on ev'ry ſide,
Its ſtedfaſt baſe repels the rolling tide;
Drives back the noiſy billows as they riſe,
And ſcaters the wild ſeas acroſs the ſkies;
Their empty fury by its ſtrength ſurpaſt,
And dying - end in froth and foam at laſt.

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F I N I S.